

MAORI GETS BRAVERY MEDAL

Australian Prisoner Rewarded for Saving the Life of Trooper Who Had Arrested Him.

For the first time since its institution says the London Daily Graphic, the Albert medal has been awarded to a Maori for gallantry in saving life, and the circumstances connected with this heroic act are so extraordinary that they are worth giving in full.

The recipient of the medal is an aboriginal native of the Roper River, Australia, named Neighbour, and the story of his brave act is given in the London Gazette in the notice announcing that the king has conferred the medal upon him.

On February 1, 1911, Neighbour, who had been placed under arrest, was being conveyed to the Roper River police station by a trooper of the police force named Johns. The Wilton river, which was found to be in full flood, had to be crossed, and Johns, who was on horseback, and was holding in his hand the neck chain by which Neighbour was secured, set the prisoner to swim in front of him, while he followed.

The horse got into difficulties in mid-stream, and before the trooper could clear himself he was kicked in the face by the animal and carried off by the current. Neighbour, instead of using the opportunity of making his escape, went to Johns' assistance and brought him ashore with great difficulty and at the risk of his own life.

Didn't Get the Present.

When a three-year-old girl who lives in Twenty-fourth street was advised by her mother that the next day was the day to go to Sunday school, she opened her large, blue eyes wide and rather forlornly remarked, "Every Sunday when they call my name I say 'Present,' but they haven't given it to me yet."

In the same Sunday school, not long ago, Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall was teaching the Sunbeam class a lesson on King David, and, endeavoring to see how much of her instruction of the previous Sunday had not been lost, asked: "Who was our lesson about last Sunday?" No answer. "Don't you remember the handsome young man we talked about?" After a few moments one little hand went up.

"Well, Mary?" asked Mrs. Marshall. "I don't remember his name," said Mary, "but he was the boy that killed the janitor."—Indianapolis News.

Saved the Cat's Life.

A cat that was sunning itself on a platform before a store in Barclay street suddenly arose, stretched and walked to the exact middle of the street, where it lay down on the wooden pavement, relates the New York Tribune. A truck came rapidly down the street, but the driver saw the sleeping animal and turned his team aside. The cat never so much as wiggled an ear. The first vehicle was followed by a second, the driver again avoiding a fatality. Several wagons passed and the cat still remained unscathed. Then a man who had been watching from the sidewalk, picked a banana peel out of the gutter and threw it at the cat, waking it up and sending it scurrying to a nearby doorstep. "A cat has only nine lives," the man said, "and eight wagons have barely missed running over it. I thought I had better save its last life before the next truck passed."

Fine Yellow Ear Corn

We will have two cars of fine yellow ear corn on track this week. Some of this will make good seed corn.

Baxter Mill and Elevator.

There is neither reason nor economy in buying a monument made from a cheap stone. For just a little more money you can buy one from us made from granite—the best monumental stone in the world. We advise its use because nearly 30 years in the monument business has demonstrated to us that it is the best monumental stone that has ever been discovered. You are invited to consult with us when you are ready to buy and we would be pleased to have you call at our salesroom and inspect our stock of finished monuments. If we do not have what you want in stock, we can make it for you. We pay carfare and hotel bill of all who buy from us.

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The breeding season will open soon. Come to this office for your horse and jack bills.

WALTON ON BIRDS' SONGS

Famous Author of "The Compleat Angler" Appreciated Music of His Feathered Friends.

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself, and those that hear her, she then quits the earth and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity. Now do the blackbird and the thrush, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to. Nay, the smaller birds do the like in their particular seasons; as, namely, the laverock, the titlark, the little linnet and the honest robin, that loves mankind, both alive and dead. But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear—as I have very often—the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say:

"Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest to bad men such music upon earth!"—Isaak Walton's "The Compleat Angler."

HOW TRUE HOME IS CREATED

It Never Can Be Made Deliberately, But Must Just Grow Through the Years.

Probably only when a man comes to get married does he realize how full the world is of people ready and anxious to give advice. This is an age of advice giving; and particularly it is an age of advice giving to those about to wed. I have a fairly large circle of young married acquaintances, and I am bound to say that every now and then I seem to come across the trail of the Advice Giver in the shape of some examples of the result of Advice Taken.

Far too much advice, there is no doubt, is uttered by "artistic" people on this really absolutely simple matter of house-interior decoration. The true home interior is never created deliberately. It happens. Through-out the years it accumulates, it develops, it grows and blossoms forth into its final beauty—or ugliness, as the case may be. The lovely old cottage and farm interiors so much imitated nowadays were not the result of conscious decoration or design; they were instinctive. They "grew." No "decorator expert," was called in to devise their harmonies, to think out pretended "accidental" groupings of furniture, window-seat, oak beams, and the rest. Beauty was evolved, just because there was no forethought, no conscious decoration.—Exchange.

Great Artist Poorly Paid.

The report from New York of the sale of the two famous portraits by Velasquez, the one of Philip IV. and the other of his minister, the Grand Duke Olivarez, brings to light the interesting fact that he received "on account" the sum of eight hundred reales (£8) for these and one of Senor Garciperez. At very much the same time Van Dyck, despite a highly successful time in northern Italy, was finding to his cost that Antwerp, his birthplace, had little liking for his genius. In fact, we find him stating that at one time he had a "certain fat brewer as his only patron." And even that patron failed him, because when it came to a matter of remuneration the brewer's greed shrank from an extortionate payment of two pilsules for the painting of one portrait!—T. P.'s Weekly.

Found His Place.

Two New England men were talking over the days of their boyhood when one referred to an old schoolmate who had a most unfortunate disposition.

"I often wonder what became of Dick," said his friend. "It always seemed to me that it wouldn't be possible for him to get any enjoyment out of life or to find any sort of work that suited him."

"Oh, he's fixed all right," said the other man. "I saw him in Chicago last year, where he has a job that suits him perfectly. He is station master in a place where there are fifty trains a day coming and going, and Dick sees somebody miss every one of them."

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HIS THEORIES ON WEATHER

Algernon Explains What May Be Expected After the Earth Gets "Hot Up."

"Yo' cayn' 'spec' no standin' we'd'er, sah," said Algernon, as Mr. Topfloor came in drenched after an experience with the weather the other evening. "till a'er de full moon in May."

"So it seems," replied Mr. Topfloor as dryly as he could under the circumstances. "While de's all des flyin' clouds 'round', der's il'ble to be win' an' rain, sah. Sometime de win' git behin' a bunch ob dem clouds an' blow 'em all ovah, an' eider dey tu'ns to rain, or else it jes' win'. But a'er de full moon in May de yarth git het up—"

"By what?" asked Mr. Topfloor shivering. "By de sun, sah. It's mos in its elemen' by dat time, 'way 'round by de 'quator. Down South, were I comes fom, dey says w'en de sun git 'round' dere it complete a cycle. 'Wot's a cycle,' sah? Well, dis de way I 'splains it: W'en I takes de elebater up an' den takes it down, dat complete de cycle. But, sah," as the dripping Mr. Topfloor stepped off the elevator, "ef yo' libes, an' I hopes yo' may, I gwine tell yo' mo' 'bout dat."

GREAT AUK'S VALUABLE EGG

One Recently Sold at Auction in London for \$1,500—Bird Is Now Extinct.

An egg of the great auk, or garefowl, a bird now extinct, was sold at auction in London for a sum equivalent to \$1,500.

Not all great auk's eggs are alike. In length they vary from four and one-eighth inches to five inches. The greater number found have a white ground, but others are of various shades of buff. In some cases the markings are spots, shown in blotches or lines.

It is said that no living auk has been seen since 1844. The birds were exterminated by the ruthless traffic in their eggs and skins, although their numbers, especially on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts, where once they were very numerous, were greatly reduced by their wholesale slaughter for food.

The most remarkable characteristic of the great auk was its inability to fly. Its wings were scarcely more than fins, which aided the bird in swimming.

Doubtful Success.

Much excitement was caused a few weeks ago in Calcutta by a particularly insanitary and evil-smelling tank suddenly changing to a perfumed one, giving off the refreshing smell of lemon.

To the natives this portended the coming of a great Indian goddess, who would arise out of the water; so the pilgrims gathered in thousands to have their sins washed away and diseases cured. A guileless youth also had been selling this holy water at five rupees per bottle, which is equal to 6s. 8d.

But soon afterward it was discovered that a large consignment of essential oils, belonging to a firm of perfumers close by, had got smashed, and afterward leaked into the tank. The natives now feel rather uncomfortable at the thought of having drunk the dirty water. It is to be hoped that they will know the smell of holy water next time they meet near a perfumer's work.—Answers.

Woman Boss of Lumbermen.

Mrs. Mary Gregory of Damariscotta, Me., is the first woman to have charge of a gang of lumbermen. She is the mother of six children and until a few months ago did all the work of cooking and caring for a gang of 22 woodsmen besides her own family. Finding that she had still many idle hours on her hands, she applied for work as woodchopper. She soon proved herself such an expert chopper and sawyer that a few weeks ago she pitted herself against the best two men of the camp. She not only did more work than either of them, but more than both together. It was soon after this that the owner of the lumber camps appointed her boss of one of his largest gangs of lumbermen.

Sculptor's Rise to Fame.

August Rodin, president of the Society of Sculptors and Painters of Paris, which recently sent a traveling collection to this country, is of peasant stock and has been compelled to fight the academic art schools every inch of the way to his present place as the most famous contemporary sculptor. He studied drawing in a private school, but was unable to gain admission to the Ecole des Beaux Arts because of his unacademic methods. He worked away in a dingy workshop for a studio in a stable. After years of trial and struggle his "Age of Bronze" was finally accepted by the salon, leading eventually to fame.

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Frisco Time Table.

NORTH BOUND.		
No 112—Meteor for Kansas City		2.45 am
SOUTH BOUND.		
No 111 Meteor		2.12 am
No 187 Afton Accommodation		6.40 am
No 181 Sapulpa Passenger		6.10 pm
EAST BOUND.		
No 312 St. Louis Express		2.25 am
No 186 Joplin Passenger via Columbus and Carl Junction		9.45 am
No 8 St. Louis Limited		7.20 pm
No 388 Joplin Passenger		8.40 pm
WEST BOUND.		
No 309 Wichita Passenger		1.40 am
No 7 Kansas Limited		8.00 am

This schedule went into effect Sunday, Dec. 29, 1912.

J. E. VINCENT, Agent.

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